

Halloweeners visiting Utlegg house find skeletons and other "weenish creatures"

Some people consider Christmas the happiest time of the year. Many children would vote for the first day of summer vacation, others, the first day of hunting season, but there is a gal in Waymart who enjoys Halloween like others would enjoy an all expense trip to Hawaii.

Next year, on Halloween, just venture up Center Street and stop at the Richard and Belva Utlegg house. You will have no trouble finding it — this year the festivities began on the front porch where ghosts hung suspended, glowing eerily in black light. Walk carefully, you never know.

Ring the bell, a ghoul looking creature, a character of a witch, maybe Frankenstein's monster, or a ghost will greet you at the door and invite you to come in. I find it difficult to describe the interior! And it changes every year! Weird music seems to haunt the air! Disembodied hands climb the banister. Black light brings out the worst in

everything — tombstones, skeletons and the phosphorescent "blood" on the face of the ghoul, highlights the creatures about the room and makes you feel as though the air itself will "get you"!!!

Then the "ghoul" speaks, "Hi! boy are you scary!" "Is that tall person with you always so frightening?" "It's your mother? Ask her to take off her mask, she scares me." Kids giggle — set at ease as they look around the room. Then "ghoul" leads you over to a stuffed pile of clothing wearing a horrible green face, a spider covering one eye. "Would you like to meet my husband?" "Ugh," speaks husband, as though he speaks from beyond.

"He looks quite a bit better today, he was sick, you know."

The trick or treaters look around — once in a while the ghost moves out — placing a hand on the shoulder of some unsuspecting adult — shudder-shudder-shriek!

And the ghoul continues, "tell me your names — maybe I can guess — no you are too ugly — isn't it amazing what a little makeup can do? Just look at me! Well, here is some candy, or would you like money? Come again next year! Be careful!"

And away go the giggling teenagers dressed in anything, the younger kids in everything and the tiny ghosts, witches, angels, fairies and so on.

Many return, "I was here before, but I had to bring my friend."

I heard this remark a few times, "My kids told me about this, now I believe them!"

It takes all kinds to make a world, so they say. But it takes special folks to contribute to a community. Belva and Richard Utlegg are good friends, good neighbors and have given much to their church and the town in which they live.

And I must add, Halloween is over, but the spirit of friendship, a little work and fun continues — on Center Street. Excuse me now, as I have to begin thinking about my Halloween costume for next year. You see, I'll try to sneak by those kids again!